

*C. Ruschi.*  
VOL. XXIX.—No. 752.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 5, 1891.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

"What fools these Mortals be."

# Puck

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN, Publishers.

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PUCK BUILDING, Cor. Houston & Mulberry Sts.

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND-CLASS RATES.



NO PRIVACY IS SACRED FROM HIM.

MR. PENNY-A-LINER.—What do I want here? Don't you know that no private citizen has any rights that the Sensation Press is bound to respect?



**PUCK,**  
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of *Puck* is \$5.00 per year.  
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.

Payable in advance.

Keppler & Schwarzmann,  
Publishers and Proprietors.

Editor - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, August 5th, 1891.—No. 752.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE OTHER DAY a clergyman in a Massachusetts town, probably seeking how he might advertise himself, preached a sermon in denunciation of the Sunday newspaper. He said a great many foolish things; and among them he accused the Sunday papers of being "venal." A New York daily paper asked him what he meant by that remarkable statement, and he wrote and explained himself—to his own satisfaction. His explanation showed that he was not sufficiently diligent in his Master's service to learn the English language, that he might preach so as to be understood of the people. He thought that the word "venal" meant anything that, in his eyes, was bad. He had no shadow of a specific charge of venality to bring against any paper—he had simply used "venal" as a word of general condemnation, like "objectionable" or "undesirable." And he was just as complacent and cheerful about it as if he had never heard of the sin of bearing false witness against one's neighbor.

It is such men as this clergyman, excitable, hot-headed men, hopelessly inaccurate and uncertain, and—though they do not mean to be—untruthful and unfair, who stand in the way of any reasonable attempt to settle the just boundary between the liberty and the license of the press. They are like the political reformers who impute wholesale corruption to every set of politicians of which they disapprove, and who thereby make real reform impossible. Such folk cry "wolf!" when there is no wolf; and when the true alarm is given, it falls on dull ears and discouraged spirits. There are many things about the newspaper press which might well be bettered or abolished; but not much can be done by practical men while the silly folk, who always have the loudest voices, cry out in indiscriminate vituperation of every thing, good and bad, in any newspaper that shows its face on Sunday.

This is a great pity. The American newspaper press is the most useful institution in the country, next to the Supreme Court of the United States. It is our one great means of intercommunication and popular education; and, in the main, it is faithful to its trust. There are poor newspapers and bad newspapers; but most newspapers try to give the news as they best can get it and give expression to the ideas of the people and of the leaders of the people, as fairly as they can. No one paper is perfect: many are weak and unfit for their position: few, very few, let us be thankful, deserve to be called *venal*, Sundays or week-days.

Yet it is not to be denied that the newspaper far too often abuses its power and misuses its opportunities—and only more on the first day of the week because it then may have twenty-four pages instead of its usual twelve. If a regular reader of newspapers were to refrain from reading all daily journals whatever for six months, he would be shocked, when he began again to read, to see how much space his favorite papers devoted to tittle-tattle, gossip, and cheap scandal. He would be disgusted at the repeated invasions of domestic and personal privacy, and he would wonder why a great public print should devote its energies to creating and satisfying a morbid, unhealthy, popular taste for personalities—a taste that grows with what it feeds on.

For that is the worst of this morbid taste—its persistent growth. It is a taste like the taste for strong condiments and alcoholic drinks. The growth is insensible: moderation slides almost unconsciously into excess. Neither the purveyor nor the consumer of scandal knows how far he is going. It is well enough, no doubt, to gratify a reasonable public curiosity about prominent people. We all like to know what manner of men our great poets and politicians and financiers and artists are. And it does no harm to tell the world that Mr. James Russell Lowell has a low and pleasant voice; that Mr. Grover Cleveland is fond of going fishing; that Mr. Jay Gould is a quiet, home-keeping body, and that Mr. James McNeil Whistler has some very eccentric ways and manners. But when the spice of these revelations begins to pall on the popular palate, the men who make the newspapers must go a little further. Then they have their choice between telling certain things about these well-known men which, interesting though they may be, are none of the public's business; or of descending a little, and gossiping about people who have no such claim to the popular attention.

They may yield to one temptation or to the other: the mischievous result is the same. Some one's privacy is invaded; something must be dragged to light that ought by rights to remain in darkness. It may be a foible of the great man that the reporter has discovered and presents to the public; it may be a bit of news about the obscurer man that, innocent enough in itself, is not what he or his family would care to announce to the world. It is certainly something which violates the decent proprieties of journalism—which may indulge an idle curiosity; but which can answer no good end. No one is the better for knowing that Mr. Greatman sometimes loses his temper and uses profane language; or that Mr. Littlepoet eats his dinner at a table whereof the shortness of one leg is inadequately pieced out with a wad of paper.

\* \* \* \* \*  
The men who write this stuff do not mean to do wrong. They slip into scandal-mongering bit by bit. Jones writes up Mr. Greatman's house. Smith comes after him to write it up. It is the same house. The rooms have walls, ceilings, floors, doors and windows. Smith's story is likely to be tedious. He finds out that Mr. Greatman scratches his matches on the door-jamb, and he tells the tale to the world. Jones is outdone. He goes to the house of Mr. Littlepoet, and writes *that* up. To outdo Smith's scratched door-jamb he tells of the short table-leg—nay, he must do more. There is a hole in the parlor carpet and there is a spot of candle-grease on the piano. Down they go in Jones's note-book, and out they come in Jones's newspaper, to tell to all humanity what a sloven a man of genius may be, and how poor a housekeeper hardworked, much-worried Mrs. Littlepoet certainly is.

\* \* \* \* \*  
There's no great mischief in all that, perhaps, unless Greatman and Littlepoet are thin-skinned and sensitive. But it leads to much worse. It leads, for instance, to "sensation scares" about the health of prominent men, such as the hideous assault which has lately been made on Mr. J. G. Blaine's well-known hypochondriacal sensitiveness. Whether Mr. Blaine is ill or well, the attempt to hold him up to the public as a doomed man is indecent to the last degree; and its indecency is not lessened by the fact that Mr. Blaine has been none too scrupulous, himself, in his methods of attacking political opponents. The attempt to scare him to death for the purpose of creating a "sensation" is cruel and base; and we sincerely hope that what results from it will be no more serious than what suggested it. One thing seems to be undeniable: when newspaper tittle-tattle reaches such an extreme of malignancy and falsehood, it calls for rebuke from people who have more sense and knowledge than to fling the accusation of "venality" at every public print that may happen to displease them.



A MUSICAL NOTE.

ETHEL.—What would you advise me to do with my voice?  
MAUD.—I should n't spend much on it just now; when the man comes around you might have it tuned.

# Songs for Summer.

## A BACHELOR'S RETROSPECT.

A GILDED CUPID on the fountain stood,  
And from his arrow's tip a jet and spray  
Fell tinkling, all the dreamy Summer day,  
Close by the dragon with the throat of blood.

It chanced that Evelyn and I had come,  
After a devious walk beneath the trees,  
To the cool basin, rippled by the breeze.  
There we sat down, and for a while were dumb.

At length fair Evelyn stretched forth her hand,  
Like wistful child, and bared her snowy arm,  
And caught the drops among her fingers warm,  
Pleased with the sparkling spray and coolness bland.

Then, suddenly, with laughter in her eyes,  
She turned, and showered me with a tiny mist,  
That some far-shooting ray of sunlight kist  
Into a little bow of paradise.

Down dropped the lashes on her lovely cheek,  
And in a moment I had uttered all,  
While wimple-wimple went the water's fall,  
And seemed to give me silver words to speak.

O Cupid! blest thine arrow and that day,  
The rainbow mist, and Evelyn's mischief sweet,  
The dragon, with his clawed and pointed feet—  
But, most of all, the little murmured Nay!

*Paul Pastnor.*

## THE BABY NEXT DOOR.

MY NEIGHBOR'S BABE is fair and sweet,  
With dimpled hands, and soft, pink feet,  
With all the Summer in his eyes,  
While in his lips what honey lies!

My neighbor's baby loves me so,  
His glances follow where I go,  
And when his clinging touch I feel,  
No words my pleasure can reveal.

My neighbor's babe brings back the joy  
That stirred my pulses when a boy;  
His breath, more sweet than flowers rare,  
Blows from my brain the webs of care.

Ah, yes, a treasure rare is he,  
A jewel without flaw to me;  
For, I adopt this custom wise—  
I bear him homeward when he cries!

*Clara J. Denton.*

## THE OLD GATE.

I. *First Verse.* 1.  
HOW OFTEN I and Seraphine,  
That girl of Farmer Sator's,  
Upon that rustic gate have hung,  
A loving pair of gaters!

II. *Second Verse.* 2.  
It was Love's Portal. Never gate  
Was loved so by a lover;  
The little pigs crawled under it,  
But Cupid, he went over.

III. *Third Verse.* 3.  
'T was hard to open and to close,  
As many a gate one sees is,  
And stood a squeaking monument  
To numerous tight squeezes.

IV. *Fourth Verse.* 4.  
No matter how the weather was,  
My happiness I sought there;  
There was a something in the catch,  
Perhaps, for I was caught there.

V. *Fifth Verse.* 5.  
That gate to me now opes and shuts  
Without the least of bother,  
Because I married Seraphine,  
And live here with her father.

*A. W. Bellaw.*

## AN UNPLEASANT LESSON.

BOGGS CARED little for his dress,  
Till he got a stiff reminder  
That a man, just like a book,  
Needs assistance from the binder.

On an uptown Avenue  
He had chanced to lose his way;  
And he asked a passing stranger:  
"Beg your pardon; tell me, pray—"

But with interrupting haste,  
Passing quickly out of range,  
The silk-hatted party answered:  
"Sorry; but I've got no change!"

*G. E. Hanson.*



# HALF-TRUE TALES:

Stories founded on fiction.

By C.H. Augur (Morris Waite)

Illustrations by  
C.J. Taylor

## AT THE LONELY PORT.\*

**M**Y DRIVER HAD told me a great deal about Canada, about her government, her statesmen, her editors, her orators. Had he stopped at the affairs of his own country, he would have displayed a fund of information surprisingly large, considering that he was a livery-stable assistant, forced to do all his readings "between times."

But his knowledge of men and things extended far over the borders, and enabled him to compare, one with another, the great men of the world; to speak critically of the United States, her institutions and her industries, her lawyers, her actors and her horses.

He had quoted a passage from a speech made in a celebrated criminal trial in the States, and expressed great admiration for the brilliant lawyer who made it.

"I notice," he said, "that when he conducts the prosecution very few criminals escape."

It was growing dark and cold. I was numb from sitting long in the buggy, and sat silent, wondering how far we were from Port Albert Edward, and what sort of a place it would be to rest in over night.

On this point Simeon's information was defective. "It was n't much of a place," he thought; but he could say no more, for he had not driven over the shore road in many years. "People did n't go that way much," he said.

From the top of the hill, a moment later, we saw the Port; and Bob, pricking up his ears at the prospect of rest and oats, pulled impatiently on the lines until, getting his head at the foot of the hill, he trotted at a smart pace over the gravel road, and came to a stop in front of the hotel, dancing when Simeon pulled him to one side so that I might jump out between the wheels.

"It does n't look very inviting," said Simeon.

He referred to the big weather-beaten hotel; but he might have included the whole of Port Albert Edward.

A narrow, muddy stream running into the lake formed the "Port." There was a remnant of a dock, a long stretch of dilapidated pile-work, a great deserted warehouse with gaping holes where windows had been, and a door half-buried in drifts of sand; there was an old store with rusty iron bars across its closed shutters; and over against the dark hill-side a dozen weather-worn houses made up the residence portion of the town. On the beach, a little forest of tall black poles stood out against the sky, and three or four fishermen were stretching nets upon them, the pulleys creaking dismally as they hauled on the lines.

I stepped across a gap in the floor of the hotel verandah and tried the door. It was locked. I walked around to the other door. It was nailed fast. Then I heard one of the fishermen halloo; and when I looked toward him, he pointed to a house which we had passed a few rods back, and called out:

"Go to Lawrie's!"

"Come over to Lawrie's," I said to Simeon, and I trotted, a little stiffly, in that direction while the restive Bob whirled the buggy round, and scenting a race, put on a burst of speed that left me several lengths behind at Lawrie's gate.

A portly old gentleman was moving slowly toward the house from the

cow-shed. He walked with the aid of a heavy stick and carried a pail of foaming milk.

"Is this Mr. Lawrie?" I asked.

"Ay, ay."

"Do you sometimes take care of travelers?"

"Ay, when they coom this wai, though I'm only an angri-culturist, myself. Well, well, I'll see, I'll see. Are ye cold? Now, just wait till I tell th' old 'oman to put a stinck o' wood i' th' stnove. Well, well, I'll do the best I can fer ye. I know what ye'd like, for I've been a great ntraveler, myself, and glad of a comfortable stoppin' place; but ye are here now, an' mebbe they'll be no more in a month, an' we can't be allus ready, ye know. Well, well, ndrive right into th' barn, Willie, an' we'll fix th' pony snug. It's a long drive ye've had, I'm thinkin'. Th' rig's not been hereabout before."



The last words of the old man came from an inner room in the house where he had gone to get the fire underway. Without his aid we made Bob as comfortable as possible in the old ramshackle barn, gave him some hay to busy himself with while cooling off, and then we entered the house.

Lawrie was on his knees before the parlor stove.

"T' old 'oman's gettin' th' supper," he said, as he arose laboriously, and seated himself in a chair; "it'll not be munch," he continued; "but ye'll excuse it, I'm thinkin'. Well, well, make yourselves as comfortable as ye can. Th' fire'll be blazin' soon. Ye went to the hotel. Well, well, th' license run out six months ago, an' th' landlord moved awai. No man can pay two hundren dollars fer a license in these parts. I do a little hotel ntrade myself; but in a temp'rance wai, all in a temp'rance wai. They be strict wi' th' law in these parts, Mister — very strict wi' th' law. Did ye but ask me for a nip, cold though ye be, ye could be hauled up an' fined. Him that asks is the same as him that sells. Well, well, they can't stop a man from drinkin' his own, an' I want ye to take a drop wi' me — mind ye, wi' me — Annie!"

A moment later, I heard the gentle clink of a glass against the door knob, and then a young girl came into the room.

Oh, I wish I could say this better! I wish I could brighten the page with a description of this gentle, clear-browed girl, just as she herself brightened the old parlor when she stepped across the threshold.

The power of a Gentle Presence! The old hair-cloth parlor "set," the cheap vases of dried grass on the narrow wooden mantel, the faded carpet, the few old books and ancient photographs on the shaky little table — all these mean things — transformed into objects of life and color at the coming of a young girl with a bottle of whiskey and three little tumblers! No. Don't say it! The bottle had nothing to do with the transformation. That remained when the girl,



never once raising her eyes, had gone away; but all the brightness went out of the room with her.

Observe, however, that at the first call she brought the bottle.

"There was a man from the States named Stumbbs," said Mr. Lawrie, handing a glass to me and one to Simeon, "who used to coom hereabout to buy wheant; an' one dai he coom to me — he used to stomp with me — an' says he:

"'Mr. Lawrie,' says he, 'I have a lot o' wheant all bought that I can't take.'

"'Why,' says I, 'how is that?'

"The money I exnected has not come," says he; "an' I'm short two hundren an' twelve dollars."

"Oh, man!" says I, takin' a roll of bills from my vest, "take what you want o' that."

"I'm a stranger to you," says he.

"Never mind," says I; "we're here to help one another."

"Well, Mr. Stumbbs said he never did hear o' the like o' that, an' he went out around the country an' bought th' wheant, an' three days later his money come. I've been told that I was foolish; but ye see, I knew from the look o' the man he'd not betray me. He was a man much like yourself, sir, in looks."

There was a sly twinkle in Mr. Lawrie's eye, when he handed me the bottle, which I afterward understood.

Mrs. Lawrie came to say that supper was ready; and we sat down to one of the most satisfactory meals I have ever eaten. As I remember it, now, there was not much in the way of food, and what there was was decidedly plain, and the tea was weak.

But the Gentle Presence was there.

All through the meal, Mr. Lawrie told tales of things which had happened to him in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, San Francisco and other large cities of the United States; and I let him talk on without interruption. But for the evidence of my own eyes, I thought, gazing across the table, I would never believe that such a flower could blossom and live in this dreary place; and listening to the old man's tales, I said, "Of a truth, fact is stranger than fiction."

After supper, Mr. Lawrie took me back into the parlor to have a good talk. Simeon went out to say good-night to Bob; and although I heard him re-enter the house, he did not join us.

I sat in the parlor an hour, but Annie Lawrie came not; and, pleading weariness, I asked the old gentleman to show me to my room.

Left alone there, I seated myself on the bed and fell into a reverie. I could not get *her* out of my mind. Why should such a girl suffer the cruel fate to be buried alive in this musty, decayed, forsaken old place? Surely it must be a most miserable existence for one such as she. She must be filled with a constant and hopeless longing for deliverance which might never come. The light of her eye would dim and her bright face wrinkle before she became old. I felt an overwhelming sense of pity and helplessness.



MRS. COMMUTER.—John! John! Wake up; here comes the train?

I heard a voice in the kitchen, and opened my door to listen. Simeon was quoting from a speech by the Honorable Edward Blake.

"I am very sorry," he says, "that the honorable gentleman on the other side of the house has allowed himself to make the great mistake of supposing that —" The climax came in guttural tones from the pit of Simeon's stomach, and I did not hear what the honorable gentleman had presumed to suppose; but there were expressions of approval in feminine voices, and then —

"I once hearnd a greant speench —"

I shut the door and went to bed.

"Now, ye have a long ride before ye," said Mr. Lawrie, the next morning, when Bob stood harnessed at the door; "and before ye go, ye must take a nip o' th' stuff with me. I got a lenter from a man in New York," he continued, as he handed us the tumblers, "wantin' me to coom down there an' buy green goods. Ye've heard o' them rascals, I suppose. I have that lenter, now; an' I've been thinkin' what I'd do with it."

"Send it to the chief of police in New York," said I.

"Ah, but man; that might get him into troumble."

"Trouble!" said I; "he's a criminal."

"Well, well, I know," said Mr. Lawrie, with the same expression that I had noticed the night before. "He's breakin' the law; but he's trusted me, an' I'll not manke him troumble." Then Mr. Lawrie handed over the bottle.

"How much is my bill, Mr. Lawrie?" I asked.

"Well, well, let's see — supper, bed and breakfast for th' pony an' two more: that's a dollar and a half, an' — four times ten is forny — a dollar an' ninety cents, sir. Well, well, I've not a dime in change, I'll have to give you a couple o' good cigars. Ay, that makes it. Well, good luck, an' when you coom again, I hope we'll be able to treat ye benter."

The wheels were whirring over the gravel before the old man had finished speaking, and in a few minutes we had climbed over the hill, and Port Albert was lost to view.

"It will be long before we see that place again, Simeon." I said it rather sadly.

"You'll be on the cars bound for home to-night," he replied; "but I'll be back there to-morrow."

"I thought you were going home by the other road. It's a dozen miles shorter, is n't it?"

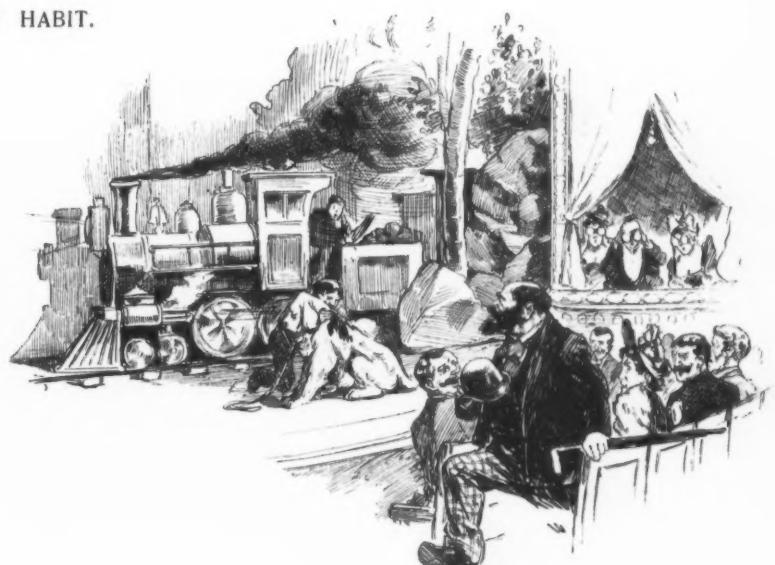
"I've changed my mind," said Simeon. "The fact is, I told her I'd be back to-morrow."

"You told — *her*?"

"Yes; she said she hoped I would. Says she don't see a feller in a dog's age. Ain't it the last spot on the Lord's footstool?"

I never can understand why it is that a man residing in or traveling through a country remote from civilization is sure to lose his head over any fairly good-looking girl he happens to meet.

#### FORCE OF HABIT.



MR. COMMUTER (*half awake*).—Great Scott, Martha, I wish you would call me earlier! I miss that infernal train nearly every morning, lately.

"AMERICA AND THE AMERICANS," BY MR. CHUMLEY-CHUMLEY, OF LONDON.

A FEW EXTRACTS, SHOWING HOW HE RECEIVED MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM OBLIGING AMERICANS, AND MADE A BIG HIT.



"As we sailed up the Bay, I saw a procession of flat-boats loaded with earth, on which many persons were seated. An American fellow-passenger told me this was a pleasure excursion of the Mafia, an Italian society, which, he assured me, was very popular in America."



"I was surprised that the famous Museum of Art, which was shown to me by an intelligent New Yorker, is a small edifice, covered all over with hideous pictures, and containing only a few human curiosities, and some stuffed animals."



"The lack of personal dignity shown by President Harrison and his advisers is deplorable. I saw them seated around a table in a public bar-room, drinking and smoking. The polite Washingtonian who pointed them out told me they were holding a Cabinet meeting."



"While in Boston, a bright American lad who acted as my guide, showed me the celebrated Oliver Wendell Holmes, walking along the street. His appearance is not prepossessing, and he squints to a painful degree."



"In front of a shop in New Jersey I saw exposed for sale a number of wire masks and some heavy clubs. On questioning a native, I learned that these are used as a protection against the fierce and bloodthirsty mosquitos, which in this State, I was informed, attain an enormous size."



(From the London Times.)  
"Mr. Chumley-Chumley, whose valuable and instructive book on America has met with an enormous sale in Great Britain, is the lion of the season."

A FALSE REPORT.

AMY.—Is it true that your engagement with Mr. Hunker is broken off?  
MABEL (holding up her left hand).—No; you can see for yourself that I am still in the ring.

"BAH! THE LION is not half so fierce as he is painted."  
"Still most of us prefer to hunt him on canvas."

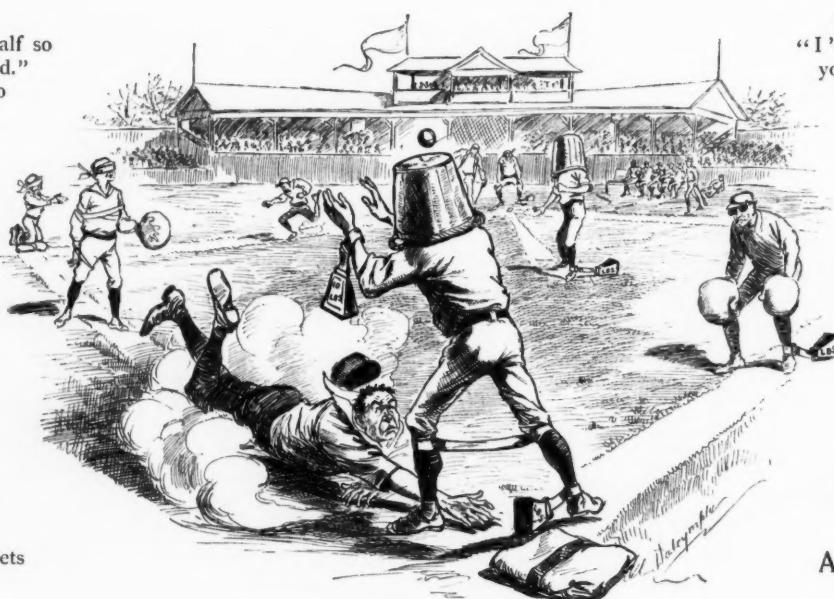
A PROBLEM IN EVOLUTION.—How soon will Nature do away with the natural good eye-sight which the wearing of glasses in Boston is rendering superfluous?

THE OCTOPUS is n't very sympathetic; but when it really comes to a show of great feeling he is on hand in full force.

THE GHOST OF A SHOW—  
An Ancient Play-bill.

IN THE "ocean of life," triplets are a tidal wave.

STATE SECRETS—Most of Those who Know 'em.



GIVE PITTSBURG A CHANCE!  
A SUGGESTION FOR A HANDICAP GAME OF BASE-BALL.

BITTER EXPERIENCE.

"Harkins has written a book of Etiquette. What does he know about the usages of polite society?"  
"He knows what has kept him out of it."

A UNIQUE SPECIMEN.

"I've secured the greatest curiosity you ever heard of," said a dime museum manager.  
"What is it?"  
"An optimistic farmer."

MANY A MAN who hides his light under a bushel only does so in the hope that the flame of the burning basket may illumine his posthumous fame.

WOMAN LEADS the world.  
She used smokeless powder for ages before men ever thought of adopting it.

WORN OUT WITH HARD WORK  
—Overalls.

A "FULL" AND his money are soon parted.

THE SPUR of poverty will make Pegasus act like a very hack.

## SOME REMARKS ABOUT VENICE.



ENICE IS LOCATED in the dampest spot of Italy, and it strikes the stranger as being the worst drained spot he ever struck.

The people don't seem to be able to keep the water off the streets. Yet they don't mind it at all. They say it saves the expense of sprinkling to lay the dust.

The Venetians number about 400,000, and a great many of them come under the head of the floating population.

The report that the inhabitants of Venice are web-footed I regard as a weak invention of jealous neighbors and having no foundation in fact.

Locomotion is mostly performed by means of skiffs with turned-up noses, called gondolas. These boats are painted a sombre black, but yet are a laughable craft, for each is provided with a gondo-leer.

One of the principal buildings of Venice is the Doge's palace, a structure which has acquired the conflagration habit. It has been burned down several times; but whether or not this is a Doge to get the insurance money we are not informed. Perhaps the lack of water to extinguish the fires has something to do with the numerous conflagrations.

The Doge is the chief magistrate of Venice and corresponds to our Mayor. The Doge's palace, therefore, may be called a Mayor's nest.

They used to have a queer custom of wedding Venice to the Adriatic. The ceremony consisted of throwing a ring into the sea from the Doge's state gondola. From this custom came the American idea, put into practice semi-occasionally, of throwing a city ring overboard at the annual election.

As this maritime wedding was performed every year, the inference is that either the sea or the town procured a divorce once in twelve months, which does not speak well for the constancy of either.

There are many celebrated libraries in Venice, also, the people being a well-read community — Venetian red, one might say.

*William Henry Siviter.*

## UNAVAILABLE.

I'VE MANY gaily-colored slips,  
That say "declined with  
thanks."  
They show just where my Fancy  
trips,  
And indicate my blanks.  
They're always carefully polite,  
And strive to break the blow  
By phrases which, when read  
aright,  
Mean simply just plain "No."

They make a most imposing sheaf,  
Of nearly two feet high.  
They stand for many a burst of  
grief,  
And many a wretched sigh;  
But all the sorrow they contain —  
Their total sum of woe —  
Is less than the eternal pain  
That lingers in her "No!"

*Harry Romaine.*

## MUTATIS MUTANDIS.

MISS ANGY NEW.—Ah, Mr. Ondek, "T is Love that makes the world go round."

MR. ONDEK.—Yes; and it is the attraction of gravitation, presumably, that makes most people worry.

## NOT WHOLLY WITHOUT EXCUSE.

DE HAAS.—Under the circumstances I don't know that it was exactly the right thing for me to make a speech; but still I don't think my conduct was unprecedented.

BALACK.—That precedent was established in the time of Balaam.

## STRANGE, BUT TRUE.

The sea, much greater than the land,  
Outspreadeth far and wide;  
But still it costs a many pence  
To dip me in its tide.



THE ABSENT-MINDED CLERGYMAN.

MINISTER.—What is the name?

FIRST MOTHER.—John Henry.

MINISTER.—And yours?

SECOND MOTHER.—Susan Jane.

MINISTER (*solemnly*).—John Henry, will you have Susan Jane to be your wedded — er — er, John Henry, I baptize you, etc.

## JUST ONE.

TOMMY.—Mama, should we love our enemies?

MAMA.—Yes, darling.

TOMMY.—And is Katie Papa's enemy?

MAMA.—No; but she's mine, and Papa and I are one!

"I BELIEVE in giving the devil his due," said Evergreen.

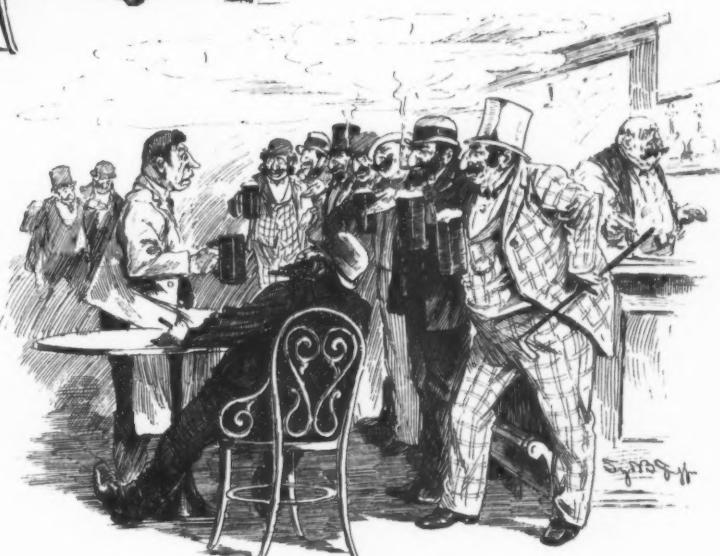
"So do I; and I wish he had a great many of his overdue," replied Brightly, bitterly.

IT IS A long time between years  
when the late thirty-year-old  
woman acknowledges herself to be  
thirty-one.



MUCH LIKE SMITH.

WAITER.—Ein stein.



EINSTEIN.—Vell, vat gan I do for you?

PUCK



J.Ottmann Lith. Co. PUCK BLDG N.Y.

THE HANDICAP RACE

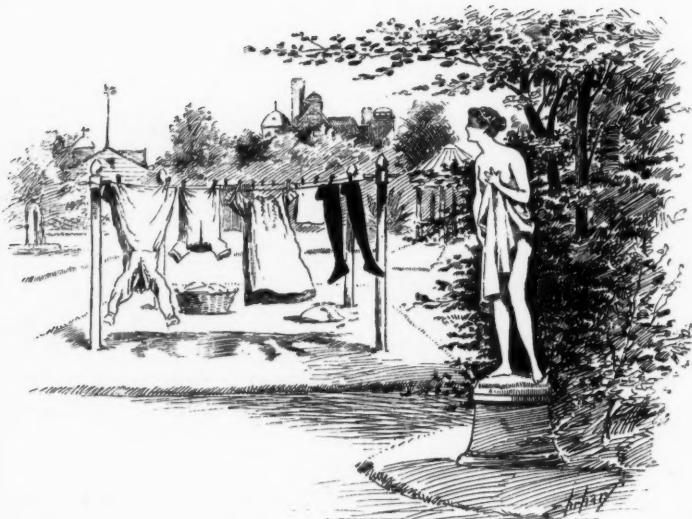
PUCK.— You're a pretty sure winner, Gov. Campbell; bu

PUCK.



CAP RACE IN OHIO.

Campbell; but don't forget that you're carrying weight, too.



A PECULIAR COMBINATION OF SUBURBAN ART  
AND SUBURBAN EXPEDIENCY.

VERY BLUE LAWS.

JACK (*strolling home from the evening services*).—There used to be a law in New England prohibiting kissing on Sunday.

MAUDE (*covetously*).—Well, it is n't in force now, is it?  
(And the moon went behind a cloud to laugh.)

NOT AN ALL-AROUND WORLD, AFTER ALL.

FIRST DEADLY ENEMY.—The world is wide enough for us both.

SECOND DEADLY ENEMY.—Yes; but it is not deep enough for you.

CAUTIOUS MAN.

MRS. WORRYS (*awaking her lord*).—Charles, get up. I think baby has the croup.

MR. WORRYS.—Had n't I better wait till you are sure?

HOW SHE WHEELS.

Oppressed by hard luck, now I see  
What 's meant by Fortune's wheel;  
For when the old girl reaches me  
She turns upon her heel !



"AND THE BAND PLAYED—"

PROPRIETOR.—What are you yelling in that thing for?  
MR. ROORAL.—Wa-all, I 'm a-tryin' to git the centerl office; but that 's a band paradin' round down thar, an' everybody 'pears to be out lis'nin' to it.

FATAL VALOR.

"A tough fired at a policeman yesterday with a heavy calibre revolver."

"And what did the policeman do? Did he arrest the tough?"

"No. He arrested the bullet."

THAT'S ABOUT IT.

"Papa, what is an agnostic?" asked Johnny Cumso.

"An agnostic, Johnny, is a man who knows very little and is not sure of that."

ACCORDING TO RULE.

It is feared that another Indian uprising is imminent.—*Daily Papers*.

An Indian rip-up is a glorious thing.

Drink deep, or touch not the Piegan spring.  
Punch all the Flatheads, kill off all the Sioux,  
And serve the Creeks and Choctaws as you choose.  
History shows us that the quickest way  
To bring the heathen heavenward is to slay.



A LIFE-SAVING FASHION.

"For heaven's sake, a boat, Captain! My wife has fallen off the pier!"

"Is she dressed in the style?"

"Yes; but quick!"

"Oh, there's no hurry. She'll float!"

THE POWER OF GOLD.

MISS MIDAS.—Do you expect to go to college next year, Mr. Croesus?

YOUNG CROESUS.—Not much. Father is going to have them bring it to me.

HAPPY MAN.

"Ah, Jonesy, old man," said Hicks, as he and Jones walked home from the Club; "there's a light in your window for you. You married men—"

"By George, so there is!" returned Jones. "Let's go back to the Club."

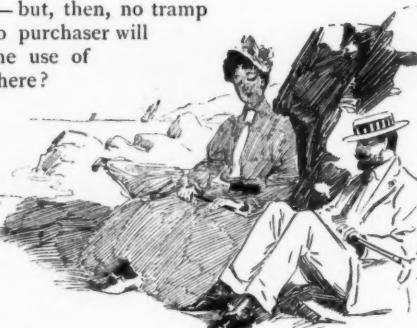
ADVICE TO TRAMPS: —but, then, no tramp will buy PUCK, and no purchaser will throw it away; so what's the use of giving any advice to tramps here?

IF THE GUESTS don't  
"put up," the hotel  
must "shut up."

THE WHIRLIGIG OF  
TIME — A watch-  
spring.

MAN'S PLACE IN NATURE  
— To Work for what  
Other Creatures Get Free.

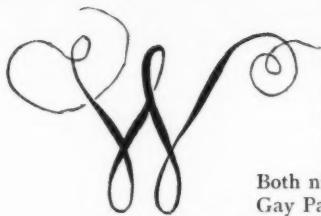
"SPORT OF THE WAVES"  
— The Yachtsman.



SHE.—You know, Dick, that Papa is not nearly as rich as he is reported to be.

He.—Oh, well, he is likely to make a fortune before he dies. I shall have to take my chances like all the rest of the fellows, I suppose.

## THE EUROPEAN SITUATION.



E'RE WAITING, Europeans, to hear the bullets sing.  
When shall we see the lances flash and hear the sabres ring?  
There are rumors, there are "cablegrams," of trouble on frontiers,  
Of numerous uprisings they have "well-founded fears,"  
Your armies mobilize at dawn, and disappear at night,  
You march and countermarch about, but—somehow—never fight.

Both night and day your hammers swing to drive the rivets home;  
Gay Paris calls for vengeance, there are murmurings in Rome;  
Berlin "casts jealous eyes on—" this, and London "frowns on" that,  
The consuls fall, and funds decline, and Russian bonds are flat;  
You strap your knapsacks to your backs, your girths are buckled tight,  
You all breathe hard and grit your teeth, but—somehow—never fight.

We've seen small boys do much the same, when coming out of school;  
One runs against another, who says that he's a fool.  
All gather round; a chip is found and poised upon a shoulder,  
One cries: "Let's see you knock that off!" and, unassailed, grows bolder.  
Both frown, and scowl, both clench their fists and direful threats are made.  
But Wilhelm "dar's n't" strike out first, and Jean Crapaud's "afraid."

We would advise you all at once to grab each other's throats—  
Or else—turn down your rolled up sleeves and reassume your coats.  
There's a noted Agriculturist, we Yankees all delight in,  
Who said: "Boys! quit your quarrelin', and get right at your fightin'."  
"Our voice is still for"—peace, of course; but if it's war, so be it.  
But get to work. We're growing old and won't be here to see it!

Benjamin Webster.

### BOSTON WINS AGAIN.

MR. GOTHAM.—We are to have a magazine in New York which is to print only rejected articles.

MISS PENELOPE ADAMS (*of Boston*).—I suppose it is to be published in New York so as to be right at the fountain head of that sort of article?

### HUMBLE ENOUGH.

MRS. GADBY.—Mrs. Henry Peck has her husband in complete subjection.

MRS. CLATTER.—From what do you judge?

MRS. GADBY.—I asked him a question the other night, and he turned to her and said: "Let me think."

### THEY WOULD N'T STAY.

MRS. KIDLESS.—How many servants do you keep?

MRS. BIDLESS (*mournfully*).—None.

THE MAN who sells honey is on a bee-line to success.

"TIME IS MONEY," but unlike money it is wasted when it is least used.

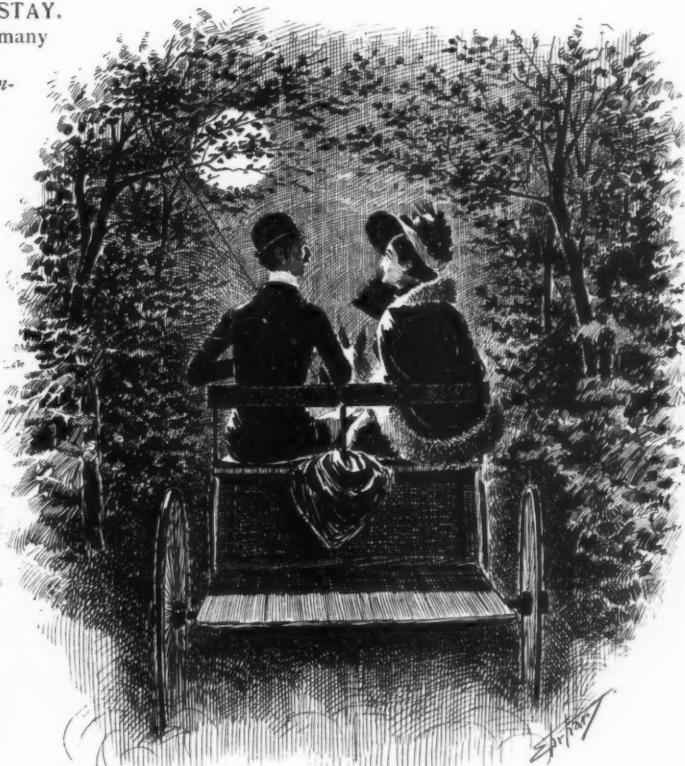
TRUTH IS MIGHTY, but if a good share of it were not choked into silence this would seem but a sorry world.

IF THE Night Owl stays out long enough he becomes the Early Bird.

BEWARE OF the praise of your enemy. What pleases him can do you little good.

A BIGOT is a man who is dead sure of something he does n't know anything about.

The name of SOHMER & CO. upon a piano is a guarantee of its excellence.



### SHE HATED TO TROUBLE HIM.

MISS BRECKINRIDGE (*of Virginia, to her BEST YOUNG MAN*).—John, I'm afraid you will have to drive back home. I—I—I've left my ball-dress there.

HER BEST YOUNG MAN (*who is driving her to the County Ball*).—The—

The mischief you have! My dear little girl! Why did n't you find it out before we'd come five miles through this Virginia mud?

MISS BRECKINRIDGE.—Oh, I did, John! I knew it two hours ago, but I hated so much to trouble you.

# PIPER HEIDSIECK SEC.

A Champagne Renowned for over a century.

## DECKER BROTHERS' PIANOS

33 UNION SQUARE NEW YORK



ACENTS WANTED  
Largest BICYCLE  
Establishment in the World.  
50 STYLES, WITH  
PNEUMATIC TIRES. Highest  
Finish. Best Materials and Workmanship. Prices Competed.  
Diamond Frame for Gents. Drop Frame for Ladies or Gents.  
Catalogue free. For Agents Terms, &c., send 10cts. in stamps.  
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Round the WORLD and PALESTINE.

All Expenses included.

Select parties from New York, Aug. 22d, 25th; Sept. 2d, 7th and 21st. For illustrated programmes and information apply to

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BOTTLED BY THE BREWERS IN ENGLAND.  
HIGHEST GRADE IMPORTED.  
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LOEB & CO., Agents, 90 Warren Street, New York City.

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"A Luxury for Shampooing."

*Medical Standard, Chicago.*

"It Soothes while it Cleanses."

*Medical and Surg. Reporter, Phila.*

"The Best for Baby's Bath."

*Christine Terhune Herrick.*

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Union Club B'd'g.  
KANSAS CITY, MO., 1128 Main Street.

## PATRIOTIC EXPATRIATION.

BRITON.—If you are such a rampant American, I should think you would remain where Americans are most appreciated.

AMERICAN.—I do—in London and Paris.—*Kate Field's Washington.*

## IDENTITY DISCLOSED.

DE POKER.—That stranger is an English lord in disguise.

DE CLUB.—How do you know?

DE POKER.—I caught him cheating at cards.—*New York Weekly.*

# ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS

The only safe way for purchasers is to insist on having the genuine article, and not allow themselves to be swindled by having plasters said to be "just as good," or "containing superior ingredients," imposed upon them. These are only tricks to sell inferior goods that no more compare with ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS than copper does with gold.

One trial of **Allcock's Porous Plasters** will convince the most skeptical of their merits.

The eminent HENRY A. MOTT, Jr., Ph.D., F.C.S., late Government Chemist, certifies.

"My investigation of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER shows it to contain valuable and essential ingredients not found in any other plaster, and I find it superior to and more efficient than any other plaster."

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no solicitation or explanation induce you to accept a substitute.



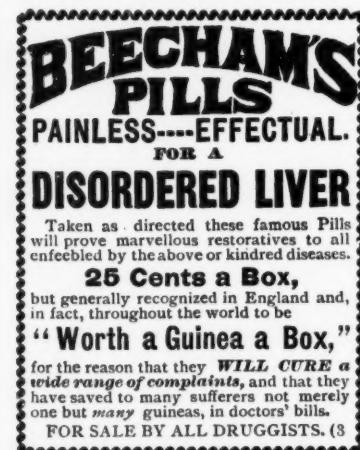
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never rancid because pure and peculiarly pressed and cleaned.

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Nos. 15 & 17 BIRKMAN STREET,  
BRANCH, 31, 33, 35 & 37 EAST HOUSTON ST., NEW YORK.

A Sure  
Relief for  
**ASTHMA.**  
Price, 35 cents by mail. STOWELL  
& CO., CHARLESTOWN, MASS. 15

KIDDER'S PASTILLES.

BRITON.—If you are such a rampant American, I should think you would remain where Americans are most appreciated.

AMERICAN.—I do—in London and Paris.—*Kate Field's Washington.*

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DE POKER.—I caught him cheating at cards.—*New York Weekly.*

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## Extract of BEEF.

The best and most economical "Stock" for Soups, Etc. One pound equals 45 pounds of prime lean Beef. Send for our book of receipts showing use of **ARMOUR'S EXTRACT** in Soups and Sauces.

## ARMOUR & CO., Chicago.

**OLD CLOTHES MADE NEW.** We clean or dye the most delicate shades or fabrics. No rinsing required. Repair to order. Write for terms. We press expressage both ways to any point in the U. S. McEWEN'S STEAM DYE WORKS AND CLEANING ESTABLISHMENT, NASHVILLE, Tenn. #3 Mention PUCK.

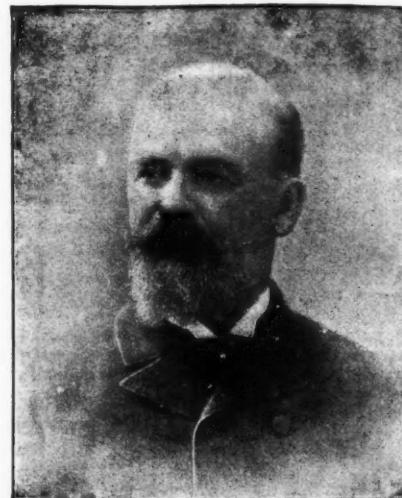
## SAFE NAME.

WOOL.—Why do they call these cigars Henry Clay, I wonder?

VAN PELT.—Could n't say; unless it is because Henry Clay is dead.—*Lake Shore News.*

## CANDY

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 212 State St., Chicago.



## DAMAGING TESTIMONY.

ATTORNEY (*to WITNESS*).—You know this man?

WITNESS.—Yes, sir.

ATTORNEY.—What is his reputation for truth and veracity?

WITNESS.—Well, he writes obituary verses.—*The Epoch.*

## ONLY THREE.

FRIEND.—The gossips have formulated a regular indictment against your character. They say you were a terrible flirt while abroad. Do you plead guilty?

AMERICAN GIRL.—Ye-e-es; to three counts.—*New York Weekly.*

## AN UNPLEASANT SUBJECT.

"What shall I write this morning, sir?" asked the fresh young man of the managing editor.

"You may try your hand on your resignation," replied the latter.—*The Epoch.*

The most efficacious stimulant to excite the appetite is Angostura Bitters, the genuine of Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. At your Druggists.

No tide changes it; no flood swells it; no drought lowers it; its ceaseless flow is absolutely changeless—the mystical St. Lawrence. Ten hours from New York by the New York Central.



## CHEW BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM.

A delicious remedy for all forms of indigestion,

AND

## THE PERFECTION OF CHEWING GUM.

If it can not be obtained from dealers, send five cents in stamps for sample package to

## BEEMAN CHEMICAL CO.,

ORIGINATORS AND MANUFACTURERS,

"Beware of Imitations."

Cleveland, Ohio.

## 'IN THE SWIM'



A pure Virginia plug cut smoking tobacco that does not bite the tongue, and is free from any foreign mixture. More solid comfort in one package of Mastiff than you can get out of a dozen others. Packed in canvas pouches.

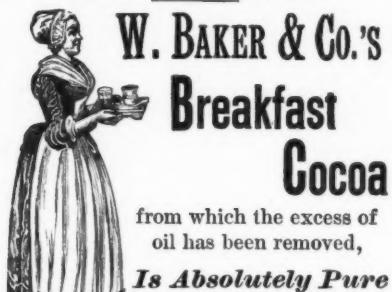
J. B. Pace Tobacco Co., Richmond, Virginia.

Write LEWIS G. TEWKSBURY, BANKER AND BROKER, 50 Broadway, N. Y., to send his circular.

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Catalogue mailed free on application.  
Warerooms, 40 Union Square.  
Factory, 159 and 161 East 126th St., N. Y.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.



### No Chemicals

are used in its preparation. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

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COLOGNE  
AND TRANSPARENT  
GLYCERINE SOAPS.  
THE FINEST TOILET GOODS IMPORTED

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Rheims, Steuben Co., N. Y.

This is the Finest Champagne produced in America, and compares favorably with European Vintages.

A Natural Genuine Champagne, fermented in the bottle, two years being required to perfect the Wine.

Our Sweet and Dry Catawba and Port are, like all our Wines, made from Selected grapes, and are Pure Wines.

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**D. BAUDER,**

Secretary.



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And Mining Stocks. Our pamphlet will be sent you free on receipt of your address. It will interest you and may be the means of your making money as others have done.

**TAYLOR & RATHVON.**

Dividend Paying Mines.  
Branch Office, AMES BUILDING, BOSTON.

MAN finds genuine diamonds in nature. The false ones he makes himself. —*Texas Siftings.*

### PLENTY OF WATER.

THIRSTY LADY.—Is there any water aboard?  
CAPTAIN (*excursion boat*).—Only 'bout four feet, Mum; but please don't tell anybody.—*New York Weekly.*

CADBY.—Why do you always go away when you see me coming, as if you wanted to shake me? When a girl's engaged to a fellow—

MAUD.—Oh, but Algernon, you know what the doctors say—"Shake well before taking." —*Boston Post.*

### CROWDED OUT.

"I like this dress very much," said Ethel. "It is just too delightfully tight. But where are the pockets?"

"Here they are," said the dress-maker, handing her two small silken bags. "You'll have to carry them in your hands. There's not room in the dress for them." —*Harper's Bazar.*

One to ten days stop-over allowed at Niagara Falls on any ticket via New York Central and either of its connections. Ask ticket agent.

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When our friends, the readers of *PUCK*, are going away on their vacation, they would do well to call and examine our fine stock of **SUMMER GOODS** for SEASIDE, COUNTRY and MOUNTAINS; or, if you can not do so conveniently, look over our Catalogue (if you have one; if you have not, let us know and we will send you one free of charge) and see what you need. We are sure we can give you better value for your money than any other house in this country.

Send for samples of goods at any time; we are always pleased to send them.

**H. O'NEILL & CO., 6th AVENUE, 20th to 21st STREETS,  
NEW YORK.**

### SOCIAL ASPIRATIONS.

JINKS.—That fellow Winkers is trying to get into the Four Hundred, is n't he?

BINKS.—I don't know. Why do you think so?

JINKS.—He has given up business, and has begun living on his wife's money.—*New York Weekly.*

"A HAT FAILURE in Newburyport" is announced. Hat failures at this time of the year are common. The Summer hat fails to look beautiful after it has been worn a month or six weeks.—*Boston Post.*

### ALL A BOAST.

"Men are not born free in this country," said Willie. "There ain't no worse bulldosed slave in creation than my baby brother." —*Harper's Bazar.*

THERE is to be a flower show at Newport next month. No doubt all the buds of the season will be present.—*Boston Post.*

BRONSON.—Does your baby talk yet?

SQUILDIG.—Yes; but you can't understand a word he says.

BRONSON.—Well, he will do nicely for a train guard.—*Harper's Bazar.*

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children's teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

IT is cheaper to ride on the New York Central than to stay at home. Seventeen through trains every day to North and West.

### HIRE'S

ROOT BEER

THE GREAT HEALTH DRINK

Package makes 5 gallons.

Delicious, sparkling, and

appetizing. Sold by all

dealers. FREE a beautiful

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GRAND and UPRIGHT  
PIANOS.

Catalogue mailed free on application.

Warerooms: 163

Fifth Ave., Cor. of West 16th St., New York City.

### Baron Liebig

The great chemist pronounced the well known Liebig Company's Extract of Beef made of the finest River Platte cattle, infinitely superior in flavor and quality to any made of cattle grown in Europe or elsewhere. He authorized the use of

His  
well known  
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**LIEBIG  
COMPANY'S**

For Delicious  
Beef Tea.

**Extract  
of Beef.**

For Improved and  
Economic Cookery.



EVERY HUMOR OF THE SKIN AND SCALP OF INFANCY and childhood, whether torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, scaly, crusted, pimply, or blotchy, with loss of hair, and every impurity of the blood, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, is speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humor Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. Parents, save your children years of mental and physical suffering. Begin now. Delays are dangerous. Cures made in childhood are permanent.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases."

Baby's skin and scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP.

Kidney pains, backache, and muscular rheumatism relieved in one minute by the celebrated CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. 25c.

## KIRK'S SHANDON BELLS TOILET SOAP

No Other Leaves a Delicate and Lasting Odor After Using.

If unable to procure SHANDON BELLS SOAP send 25c in stamps and receive a cake by return mail.

JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago.

**SPECIAL.** Shandon Bells Walts (the popular Society Walts) sent FREE to anyone sending us three wrappers of Shandon Bells Soap.

Send 10c in stamps for sample bottle Shandon Bells Perfume.

You Know a Good Thing  
when you see it.  
"That's evident."  
Well, call and see  
that special line of  
SCOTCH HOMESPUNS  
just received.  
All Grades. Drab, Auburn,  
Gray and Brown.  
"Nothing to compare with  
them this side  
of the water."

*Nicoll*  
*the Tailor*  
Suits to Order, \$30.00.  
Trousers to Order, \$8.00.  
145 & 147 Bowery,  
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New York.

Patent Covers for  
**FILING PUCK, 75 Cts.**  
By Mail, 90 Cents.

Address: "PUCK," New York.

WHAT is needed in the theatres is a contrivance by which a clove can be obtained without leaving your seat.—*Texas Siftings*.

**AXION ELASTIC TRUSS**  
Cures Rupture because it has perfect Adjustment, is worn NIGHT and DAY. Has a pad which can be changed in SHAPE and SIZE

by the patient to suit the varying conditions of the case. Call and examine.

Please mention this paper.



(PATENT ALLOWED.)

### THE HEIGHT OF EXCLUSIVENESS.

MR. HAYSEED.—Talkin' bout airs, the most airish, exclusive, stuck-up thing I ever saw is that Mrs. Hayfork on the next farm.

CITY GUEST.—Proud, is she?

MRS. HAYSEED.—Haughty as a princess. Why, she's so stuck up she won't take a Summer-boarder till July.—*Street & Smith's Good News*.

THE Governor of Maine has had to call upon the sheriff of Noostook county to enforce the prohibitory laws there. This throws some light upon the question: Does prohibition prohibit? —*Boston Post*.

POINTERS are highly esteemed as hunting dogs, but the pointers of the stock market rarely bring down anything but gulls.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

## NEW KODAKS



"You press the button,  
we do the rest."

### Seven new Styles and Sizes

ALL LOADED WITH TRANSPARENT FILMS.

For sale by all Photo. Stock Dealers.

THE EASTMAN COMPANY,  
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### FOR DELICACY

For purity, and for improvement of the complexion nothing equals Pozzoni's Powder.

## Ho, For the Camp!



Partridge, Quail, Woodcock, Grouse, Wild Duck, Chicken, Chicken Liver, Pheasant.  
A sample can for 25 cents, postage prepaid.

### Some Other Good Things.

OUR FRENCH ENTREES—These are to be warmed, and there are plenty of days at the camp when warm food is grateful.  
OUR SOUPS, too, of which you have heard so much, are convenient for camp and delicious always, while for Dessert our PLUM PUDDING is unsurpassed.

Ask your grocer for any or all of these.

**Franco-American Food Company,**  
West Broadway and Franklin Street, New York.

### ACCOMMODATING.

SHE (*her first season*).—I have been shut up in boarding-school so long that I feel very awkward and timid in company. I do not know what to do with my hands.

HE.—I'll hold them for you.—*New York Weekly*.

SOMETIMES when you have nothing else to do you can erect a whole system of human philosophy upon the fundamental fact that it is he who plays the piano poorest who always puts on the loudest pedal.—*Detroit Free Press*.

THE time-keeper in a factory may enjoy good health and keep all sorts of hours.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

YOU make no mistake if you spend a week in the Adirondack Mountains. Thirteen hours by New York Central.

ANNABEL, permit us to gaff the periphery of your shell-like ear and bend its pink petal down toward our ruby lips while we murmur, soft as the distant frou-frou of the ocean, soft as the breath of the Summer breeze, languid with lily-rifling, soft as the ripple of the hill-embowered pond, soft as Brie cheese or Love's young mash, that PICKINGS FROM PUCK (25 cts., by Mail 30 cts.) has no equal on this or any other hemisphere.

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**TIGER CUBANA**

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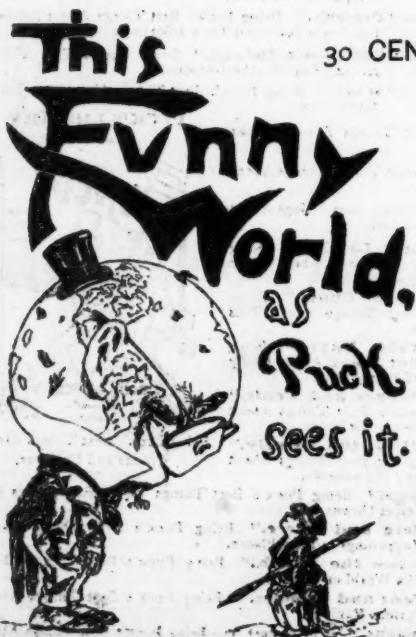
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And then he met an heiress with a taste that was aesthetic, and with all the calm assurance of the latest thing in clothes, He sat right down and waited in a manner cultivated—but she shook him for a farmer with a wart upon his nose.

—Tom Masson, in Clothier and Furnisher.

#### BEFORE AND AFTER.

Before the maiden married him And got him in her power, To sew a button on his coat Would take her just an hour.

But things are very different now; For, when her aid he seeks To sew that button on his coat, It takes her several weeks.

—Clothier and Furnisher.

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A little Detroit girl was bidding her boy playmate good-bye, and on this occasion her mother told her to kiss him. She offered him a roguish cheek, and when the salute was gravely given, began to rub it vigorously with her handkerchief.

"Why, Laura," said her mother; "you're not rubbing it off?"

"No, Mama," answered the little maiden, demurely; "I'm rubbing it in." —Detroit Free Press.

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And was it Katie, Maud or Sue?

The handsome drummer looked perplexed; Those flirting girls! Perhaps they knew That he was married—were they vexed?

Then something deep within his breast Owned to a thrill of honest shame; How dared they send this hidden guest? He would return it—whose the name?

He looked. Sweet face with pictured laugh, Bright fluffy hair in tangled curl, And scrawled across the photograph, In printed letters, "pApAS gIrL."

—By Mrs. M. L. Rayne, in Detroit Free Press.

#### HE TOOK THE HINT.

JOSELYN.—I say, Miss Maud, don't you prefer a sloop rig to a cat rig?

MAUD.—Yes; but—but I think I like a smack better than either.—Boston Post.

THE man with the new gold watch seldom knows what time it is. —Texas Siftings.

PUCK.



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